

## **Four Against One** by **Luddleston**

**Category:** Hades (Video Game 2018)

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**Language:** English

**Characters:** Achilles (Hades Video Game), Megaera (Hades Video Game), Patroclus (Hades Video Game), Thanatos (Hades Video Game), Zagreus (Hades Video Game)

**Relationships:** Achilles/Thanatos (Hades Video Game), Achilles/Zagreus (Hades Video Game), Megaera/Zagreus (Hades Video Game), Patroclus/Thanatos (Hades Video Game), Patroclus/Zagreus (Hades Video Game), Thanatos/Zagreus (Hades Video Game), Zagreus/Patroclus/Achilles/Thanatos/Megaera (Hades Video Game)

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**Summary:**

*"We thought we would each demonstrate how we best like to fuck you," Meg had told him, when he asked what exactly was going on. "For everyone's mutual edification, of course."*

Zagreus gets some special treatment.

## Four Against One

### Author's Note:

listen, all i had to hear was 'pat/zag/achilles/than/meg' and then 'all four of them showing off how much they like to fuck him' and then this happened.

Here are my notes for this fic:

Meg: this is a competition and I'm winning it

Than: this is not a competition, or I'm going to get so anxious I teleport

Pat: this is a competition and I have an extremely detailed strategy

Achilles: this isn't a competition, we're just here to love zag

Zag: I've already won.

I'm now off to write important shit with deadlines that I put off because zag gangbang sounded more fun!

"Are you comfortable?"

"Mm-hm, I'm fine." It was difficult not to be comfortable in Meg's bedroom, anyhow. Her bed was a bit more like a nest, an overstuffed mattress set into an indentation in the floor that was much larger than Zag's bed, cushions scattered around it. The candles were set into alcoves in the walls, so they did not give off much light, leaving everything slightly dim and warm-toned.

Sure, the walls were covered with decorative weaponry and not-so-decorative bondage gear, but that only added to the atmosphere, in Zag's opinion. Especially since he knew which ones were weapons and which ones were there for sex reasons, now.

He was used to being stripped bare in these blood-red sheets, and he comfortably settled in despite the unusual new addition to the mix.

That being: three extra pairs of eyes on him.

Zagreus shifted in place, taking in each of his lovers in turn (well, except for Meg, who was sitting on behind him, and as he could not turn his head in a full circle like one of those weird surface-bats, he could not see her, but he could feel the scratch of her fingernails against his scalp). Patroclus and Achilles were side-by-side on his right, Patroclus leaning in to whisper something in Achilles' ear and Achilles squeezing Pat's thigh by way of response. Thanatos sat directly in front of him, looking determined in a way Zagreus usually saw before he attacked something with his scythe. His attention was focused entirely on Zagreus.

"Is everybody clear on the rules?" Meg asked, squeezing the back of Zagreus' neck when he tried to lean against her side, keeping him in place.

"I, personally, was not there for the meeting in which you four coordinated this," Zagreus pointed out. "So, while I do appreciate the surprise, I, er, didn't get any rules." In point of fact, he'd been about ready to head on another run when Meg requested his presence in her quarters, and when he'd arrived, he'd found the other three already present.

*"We thought we would each demonstrate how we best like to fuck you,"* Meg had told him, when he asked what exactly was going on. *"For everyone's mutual edification, of course."*

"They don't differ greatly from our usual rules," Meg said now. Her fingernails were now scratching back up his head, sending pleasant tingles over his scalp and down his spine. "It's the same safeword as always. You just need to sit back and enjoy, little man."

"Mmkay." He was already enjoying quite a bit, the scalp massage making him somewhat sleepy.

"For the rest of you, gentlemen," she continued, "I'll remind you to go about this in our predetermined order. No interruptions, and no distracting Zagreus during someone else's turn. We switch out after he comes. Got it?"

Predetermined order? Zagreus sat upright, turning to look over his shoulder at her. "Hang on, is this just a competition to see who's best at fucking me?"

Meg smirked, Thanatos hid his face in his hands, and Achilles said, "no, of course not," while Patroclus said, "yes, it is."

It answered approximately nothing, but Zagreus lay back against his pile of pillows anyhow, casually lounging there. "Well, either way, I'm going to win."

His heart rate was already increasing as he waited, wondering which of them would be the first to have at him. Achilles was already giving him eager looks, like Cerberus when he saw Zagreus approaching with a treat. Patroclus was more subtle about his interest, but he was observing Zagreus as well, probably appreciating the fact that Meg had asked him to undress before he got into bed. Thanatos' head had lifted from his hands and his eyes were back on Zagreus as well, steady and intense.

The mattress shifted beside him as Meg rose, walking to where Thanatos sat and tapping him on the shoulder. So he would be first. It was a sensible choice—Thanatos was the most easily overwhelmed. Zagreus' tongue rolled across his lower lip as Thanatos approached him, still looking equally concerned and determined. Unlike Zagreus, he was still clothed, but only in his chiton and black leggings, his cowl and other ornamentation nowhere to be seen.

"Hi," Zagreus said, as Thanatos knelt beside him, hesitant in a way he hasn't been since their first few times together. He reached up to brush Thanatos' hair out of his face and Than shuddered. "Are you really okay with this?"

"More nervous about them watching than I thought I'd be," he admitted, leaning in so that he could speak quietly enough that the others wouldn't hear.

"Don't focus on them," Zagreus said. "This is just meant to be you taking me like you like to, right? And you know I'll like it, too. That's all that matters, love." He leaned in to kiss Than's neck, right on the spot that

always turned him all gooey and pliant. It worked to a degree—Thanatos exhaled heavily as he relaxed just a bit into Zagreus' touch.

"Still can't help but think about the audience." Thanatos turned to look in Achilles and Patroclus' direction (naturally, he was less anxious about Meg watching). Before he could catch their eye, Zagreus gently turned his face back so that they were eye-to-eye again.

"Truly, there's no reason to worry," Zagreus said. He glanced over Thanatos' shoulder at Patroclus and Achilles. "Besides, I don't think they're paying much attention."

This time, he did let Thanatos turn to look. True to his words, Achilles and Patroclus were wrapped up in one another, kissing like they were actively attempting to divert their attention. Thanatos bit his lower lip, hesitating or maybe just watching, and then he kissed Zagreus, shifting forward so that he was sitting between Zagreus' spread legs.

Zagreus knew how to work Thanatos up, squeezing his chest and sucking on his lower lip, digging his teeth in when Than gasped. Zagreus could measure how worked up Thanatos was by the tightness of his grip on his thighs, by the way he slowly forgot to keep all the little noises inside. When he pulled away, Thanatos' lips were glossy and gold, flushed with his ichor, and his eyes had gone so dark they were nearly black. His hair was sticking up in the back because Zagreus had run his hand through, and he smoothed it down before pulling Thanatos into another kiss.

"So, Thanatos," Zagreus said, quiet, only for him. From the corner of his eye, he could tell that Achilles and Patroclus were watching them again. Thanatos had no idea. He couldn't look at anything aside from Zagreus. "How do you want to fuck me?"

"On my..." Thanatos had to stop and re-start, because his voice nearly broke. "On my tongue."

Zag's eyes rolled back for just a second. The others may not have heard what Thanatos told him, but they certainly heard Zagreus' moan in response. "Yes. Please, Than."

"After all, I can't focus on the others if you're sitting on my face," Thanatos observed, which made Zagreus laugh and agree at the same time.

Thanatos lay back against the pillows, pulling Zagreus astride his chest. It forced Zagreus to face the others, and his grin at them made Achilles smile, Patroclus wink, and Meg roll her eyes. Than's arms looped around his thighs, holding him in place, and he nipped at the crease where Zag's ass met his thigh.

Figures, that the first thing Thanatos did was mark him. Now, anybody else who got their hands on him would have to contend with the fact that Thanatos was there first.

"Are you going to...?" Zagreus attempted to rut back against his face, but Thanatos held him still without much effort, even though the position didn't give him much leverage with which to hold Zagreus. He was strong enough that he didn't need it.

"Patience, Zag. You couldn't have thought this experience was going to be a sprint, right?"

"Well, no, but I did think I'd get something in my ass someti—*ah!*" Zagreus squirmed as Thanatos licked him from his balls to his hole, clearly ready to make good on the promise to get something in Zag. "Haaah. That's one way to get me to shut it, I suppose."

"The only way to get you to shut it is to gag you," Thanatos said, and Meg nodded, rolling onto her side on one of her enormous pillows in order to more comfortably watch the scene before her.

"You're right as always, love, this will eventually make me quite loud, I think," Zagreus said, proving himself correct as soon as Thanatos licked over him again, already sloppy. "Is that how the lot of you are—nngh!—evaluating this thing-that-is-not-a-competition? How loud I am?"

"How many leaves fall off," Patroclus said, tapping his head where his own laurel usually rested. He'd taken initiative in removing it, this time. There was already one of Zag's laurel leaves resting against the jut of Thanatos'

hip where Zag's head was bowed over his body, another fluttering down to settle against the curve of his cock, still confined in his leggings.

"Who gets the job of counting, because I'm not." Zagreus was sure he wouldn't be able to remember anything past ten after the four of them were done with him. Thanatos' tongue traced the circumference of his rim before dipping in, even just that making Zagreus pitch forward and grasp Thanatos' thighs to hold himself steady.

This always felt good, but the presence of the audience was winding Zagreus tighter. He'd always liked being watched, even when he was just getting off for Thanatos or put on display for Meg. *All of them watching him at once was all the more overwhelming.*

*Meg looked mostly unaffected, but she was slowly tracing her fingertips over the surface of the pillow she was laid out on, and Zagreus knew what that meant. The First of the Furies did not fidget unless something was seriously distracting her.*

*Achilles was half in Patroclus' lap, Patroclus winding his arms around his lover's waist. The interest was clearer in their eyes, interest in both Zagreus and Thanatos—after all, the two of them would not have seen Thanatos like this before. Zagreus watched them with no lack of curiosity. Their armor was gone but their under-layers were long and flowing enough that he could not tell whether they were hard beneath them. He had a guess, though.*

*Thanatos, not to be forgotten in the face of the others, fucked his tongue into Zagreus as deep as it would go, licking him open. In the respectful silence from the others, Zagreus could hear the entirely lewd sound of Thanatos' tongue inside him. It was like the soft smack of a kiss, only a thousand times dirtier.*

*One of Thanatos' hands felt up Zagreus' thigh to his hip, blindly reaching for his cock. Zagreus grasped his wrist, holding his hand still.*

*"Not yet. I'll come if you do that."*

*Thanatos pulled away, and Zagreus could feel his chest heave as he breathed hard. "That's... that's the idea, Zag." He sounded entirely winded, which wasn't solely because Zagreus was smothering him. Thanatos, as Zagreus could plainly see from where he sat, was so aroused by this that there was a wet patch at the crotch of his leggings, nearly indistinguishable from the black. "But fine, you don't want me to touch your cock, I won't."*

*That was all he said before slipping his tongue back inside, his hand shifting so that he could accompany it with his first two fingers, curling directly into his prostate.*

*Zagreus just about screamed, bending further forward until his forehead was pressed against Than's stomach. Were he a little taller or Thanatos a little shorter, Zagreus would have been able to suck his cock like this—except Thanatos was now alternating between fucking Zagreus on his fingers and his tongue, and intermittently squeezing his balls just enough to knock the wind right out of him. Zag wouldn't have been able to do anything with his mouth except moan, even if he did have the reach.*

*The position had to be murder on Thanatos' wrist, but he wasn't gonna have to keep it up for long. Distantly, he could hear the others talking, Patroclus' laugh, but he could focus on nothing aside from Thanatos' tongue in him. Than pressed his fingers in alongside it again, got another hand around his cock, didn't stroke him, just squeezed a bit but it was enough.*

*He came across Than's chest, which made Than's hips jerk up a little, his cock now so hard the head poked over the waistband of his leggings. Zagreus had gotten no taller in the interim so he kissed the space just below Than's navel instead, where the line of silver-white hair started. Thanatos didn't pull back while Zagreus came, only jutted his chin insistently forward, fucking Zagreus on the full length of his tongue until Zag was well and thoroughly worn out.*

*It was only after the haze of orgasm cleared from Zagreus' mind that he understood what had been happening in the background.*

*"Wait, Meg, were you counting down the seconds until I came?"*



*"She was correct, too," Patroclus confirmed. He'd wrapped his arm tighter around Achilles' waist, as Achilles seemed to be making attempts to squirm away. "Achilles, love."*

*"I said let me have him, Pat." Achilles lurched forward, forcing Pat to grip him tighter and lean his own weight backward to keep him in place.*

*Zagreus was flattered, honestly.*

*"I dunno, sir, does this follow Meg's order?" Zag asked, as Thanatos helped him off, kissing his neck and pulling Zagreus flush against him, smearing the mess he'd made on Than's stomach. Zagreus could feel Than's cock hard against his thigh but he didn't tug his leggings down, not certain whether Thanatos wanted to be seen naked in front of the entire group.*

*"It does," Meg said, "but that doesn't. Thanatos, he already came, get your hands off."*

*Thanatos pushed his head against Zagreus' neck in the sort of way that meant he was pouting but didn't want to appear to be pouting because Death Incarnate did not pout. "I'm sure I can take care of you quick enough," Zagreus said, running a hand down his back and squeezing his ass, urging Thanatos to rub against him again.*

*"Not in the rules, Zag." Meg didn't raise her voice, but it got sharper, like the crack of her whip. "Thanatos, come here, I'll take care of you."*

*"I'll take care of you if you like," Patroclus said. "Let me taste Zagreus on your mouth, see how pretty you look under all the black."*

*Thanatos gasped, and vanished out of Zagreus' arms in a flash of green light. Zagreus, stunned because it had been quite some time since Thanatos regularly did that in the middle of their trysts, had no resistance against Achilles full-body tackling him. He went down laughing, struggling to get Achilles' hair out of his face to kiss him.*

*"Normally I'm the one who's like this," Zagreus said, muffled because Achilles kissed him partway through it. "What got into you?"*

*"You look too good like that, lad," Achilles said, his voice reduced to the rough growl it only became when Achilles had truly lost all self-control. It usually preceded Zagreus being fucked out of his mind, so he focused on stripping Achilles out of his remaining clothing and trying to get it up again. What was being the god of blood any use for, if not to negate his refractory period? "You've no idea how you appear when you're being pleased. A man would need to be blind and deaf not to want his hands on you."*

*Zagreus had just managed to rid Achilles of his clothes and was attempting to clamber into his lap and shove at his shoulders until Achilles lay down beneath him when he heard Thanatos return. There was no toll, just a sound like a little explosion, and the light in the room turned green for just a second. He appeared right in Patroclus' lap, and did not need to steady himself, because he could float. Patroclus held onto him anyhow, as if to prevent him from falling.*

*Zagreus' momentary hesitation gave Achilles the time to flip their positioning, pushing Zagreus onto his back and bringing all his own weight down to hold him there. It was similar to how he would overpower Zagreus in a spar, except that he ground his cock against Zagreus' hip and kissed his neck when Zagreus tipped his head back so that he could watch Thanatos and Patroclus again.*

*They were upside-down to his perspective now, but he had an easy view of them. Thanatos had his hands resting on Patroclus' chest, and he was hesitant for only a moment before asking, "did you mean what you said?"*

*"When I said I wanted to taste you and look at you and get my hands on you? Yes." Patroclus' thumb tucked into the waistband of Thanatos' leggings.*

*"You didn't say anything about getting your hands on me," Thanatos noted.*

*"Let him!" Zagreus called encouragingly, and he could feel Achilles laugh where his face was still tucked against Zagreus' neck.*

*"Zagreus." That was Meg—when he tipped his head to look at her she was examining her nails in the sort of way that meant she was purposefully not looking at him, depriving him of her attention in order to scold him. "Don't get distracted."*

*Achilles' thigh pressing between his legs, rubbing against him where his erection was recovering, was a much more convincing reason not to become distracted. Zagreus tugged him up to kiss him again.*

*"Tell me your pleasure, my dear Death, and I will give it to you if I am able," Patroclus said. His words were distant to Achilles moving against Zagreus, but Zag was still attuned to what was happening between the two of them, and he felt Thanatos' answering moan deep in his core. It made him squirm against Achilles, who responded by gripping his thigh, spreading his legs wider but not to Zagreus' full stretch.*

*Achilles lifted his head, asked Meg to pass him some oil with the utmost politeness, positively professional, for a man who was currently pushing his thumb into Zagreus to feel the way Thanatos' rimjob had left him wet and open. Zagreus looked up again. Thanatos and Patroclus were kissing, and Patroclus had helped Thanatos out of his leggings at some point.*

*Zagreus had kissed both of them, had watched both of them kiss other people, and yet, seeing them together was a new form of overwhelming. He knew Thanatos was attempting not to betray how much he wanted Patroclus to take control of the kiss, and he also knew Patroclus saw right through it. He had a hand heavy on the back of Thanatos' neck, petting through the shortest part of his hair, a possessive hold that Zagreus just knew Thanatos would melt into.*

*A pair of oiled fingers pushing into him drew his attention right back to Achilles.*

*"They're lovely together, aren't they?" Achilles asked, fucking Zagreus slowly on his fingers, avoiding his prostate while he was still over-sensitive from his last orgasm.*

*"Mm. Yeah." Zagreus kissed the corner of Achilles' mouth as if in apology, for ignoring him.*

*"It's alright, lad. I'm certain Patroclus will ensure that this isn't the last time the two of them have one another." For all his passion, Achilles was gentle in opening Zagreus up, hardly pushing him beyond where he was already stretched from Than's turn with him. "You want me to turn you so you can watch them?"*

*"I really do want to focus on you, sir." He said this despite looking at Thanatos and Patroclus again. Patroclus had sat Thanatos down so that he was just on the edge of the indentation in the floor where the bed started, and was now leaning in, tucking his hair behind his ear so that it wouldn't get in the way as he leaned in to suck Thanatos' cock. Fuck, the way Thanatos moaned, the way his toes curled...*

*Achilles curled his forefinger beneath Zagreus' chin, settled his thumb on his lower lip as he turned Zagreus to face him. "This, right here, is how I felt the first time I saw you with him." Zagreus' tongue darted out to lick the tip of Achilles' thumb, and Achilles rewarded him by pressing it further in. "And Thanatos is very pretty with him. I'll have to see if he'll let me get my hands on him next."*

*It made Zagreus whine, trying to lean back and look at them again. Achilles' thumb curled, hooking behind Zagreus' bottom teeth to draw his attention again, gentle but forceful despite it.*

*"I know you can behave for me, lad," Achilles said. "Tell me what you want." He requested this while still prying Zag's mouth open, which meant Zagreus already was at a disadvantage as far as telling him anything. He also pulled his fingers out of Zagreus, making him cry out involuntarily.*

*He finally freed Zagreus' mouth, letting him express what he wanted. Naturally his answer was, "your cock, sir."*

*"Oh, I'll give you that. Let me turn you over, let's show them how much you can take."*

*Achilles turned him onto his front, hitching his hips up to get Zagreus in position to be fucked. He pressed Zagreus' face into the mattress with the most gentleness possible for such an action, but the way he rutted against Zagreus, his cock rubbing over his entrance but not in, betrayed the raw passion with which Achilles had tackled him earlier.*

*"Achilles, come on..."*

*"Ask nicely," Achilles said, his voice more rough than sweet. Zagreus felt that if somebody told Achilles to ask nicely in this moment, he would not be able. He ground against Zagreus again—whether or not Zagreus asked nicely, Achilles was going to fuck him.*

*But this was about showing him off to the others, and Achilles naturally wanted to show how good Zagreus could be for him. "Please, sir," he begged.*

*"That's it." Achilles' palms swept down Zagreus' back softly, contrasting the fierceness with which he grasped Zagreus' hips, the way he fully entered him immediately, no time for Zagreus to adjust until he was already inside. It was rougher than how Achilles usually took him.*

*Well. Rougher than how Achilles usually took him for the first round.*

*He felt Achilles' hair tickle his back as he leaned in, his breath hot against Zagreus' ear. "You're going to want to brace yourself, lad."*

*It had the opposite effect—Zagreus felt like he was melting, Achilles' voice providing the same effect as Meg's fingernails running through his hair. "Can't," he breathed, although he did naturally tense a bit to keep himself from being shoved up the mattress when Achilles started fucking him hard. The tension in him gave out as soon as a particularly well-angled thrust glanced against his prostate, and he would have collapsed if not for Achilles' hands on his hips.*

*Achilles paused, hands feeling up and down his thighs. "You're shaking," he observed. Zagreus usually experienced some sort of tremor while Achilles*

*fucked him like this, but it was typically reserved for when Achilles had been going at him for a while. "Is this alright?"*

*"Mm."*

*Achilles squeezed the back of his neck. "I'm going to need you to tell me with your words, lad."*

*He heard Meg speak up over the sound of his own breathing and of Thanatos' soft moan in the background (that's what had him falling to pieces so much faster than usual, no wonder). "You can keep going. He knows what to say if he wants you to stop."*

*"I... yes, I do understand that."*

*Achilles was less comfortable with pushing Zagreus beyond his limits, though. Thanatos was similar, checking in while Meg relied on Zagreus to know his own limitations. For this reason, he managed, "I'm... I'm alright. Keep going, it's just..."*

*He heard a shaky moan, the kind that meant Thanatos was about to come.*

*"Fuck, I can hear..." He clenched his fingers in the sheets beneath him, shoving his hips back even though Achilles was fully buried within him. "Thanatos."*

*"Is that what has you falling to pieces like this?" Achilles asked, firming up his grip on Zagreus' hips. "Well, it's no wonder. I'm affected, myself." He pulled out slowly but thrust back in just as sharply as he had the first time.*

*Zagreus was done using his words, and responded with a cry instead. Achilles did not tell him to brace himself again, but instead held him tighter, using his grip to pull Zagreus back onto his cock as much as he pushed into him.*

*"He's looking at you, you know," Achilles said. "Your dear Death. Patroclus has him on his lap, now, and I know my beloved is good with his hands but he's not that good. It's you that's going to make him come."*

*Zagreus struggled to look but Achilles set his hand on his head, keeping Zagreus pressed into the pillows. "Sir, Achilles, please—"*

*"No, I don't think so. You'll make Thanatos come. But I'll bring you." He accompanied it by making good on that promise. He had to take his hand out of Zagreus' hair to seize his hips again. Zagreus still did not have the strength to brace himself but thankfully Achilles was not going to need a hand around Zagreus' cock to finish this task, and could use both to hold him steady.*

*"Nngh!"*

*"What was that, lad?" Achilles was not truly looking for an answer, because he did not stop fucking Zagreus, angling him to take it perfectly, holding him so tight his hips were going to have bruises. Zagreus wondered if he'd come out of this with marks from each of them.*

*No, this time he just wanted to hear Zagreus say it.*

*"Yes, sir! Make me come, please." He could hear Thanatos moaning still, could hear Patroclus talking to Than, but all of it was second to Achilles' breath in his ear, the kisses he left on the shell of it.*

*"Now, that did it for him," Achilles said. It took Zagreus' mind a few moments to understand what he was talking about, but he caught it eventually—Thanatos must have come, listening to Zagreus beg Achilles to fuck him.*

*Achilles had said he was gonna be the one who got Zagreus off, but Thanatos was certainly playing a part in it. Achilles was still fucking him hard, had straightened up so that he could get better leverage than he'd had when he was bent over Zagreus.*

*"Understand why I was impatient for my turn?" he was asking, not speaking to Zagreus but to one of the others, Patroclus, probably.*

*Zagreus shifted, moving to try to get a hand underneath himself. He'd only have to touch his cock for a second and he'd be there—*

*He didn't get a chance.*

*Achilles fucked into him just right, ground deep enough that Zagreus was coming before he managed to get a hand around himself. Achilles' weight sank onto Zagreus, flattening him into the mattress as Achilles kept going for just long enough to spill into him.*

*Thank the gods Achilles had been close, Zagreus would have been immensely irritated if he had to move on to somebody else without feeling him come inside.*

*All the air rushed out of him as Achilles collapsed fully on top of him, making him giggle helplessly as he ineffectually attempted to wriggle out from beneath his lover. "Sir, please. I can't breathe. And I do actually need to do that."*

*Achilles shifted so that he was not crushing Zagreus but did not entirely remove himself from Zag's person, which he appreciated. Coming down from something like that made Zagreus want a warm arm around his shoulders, to feel someone else breathing against him as his wild lust settled.*

*"Want some more?" Meg was asking him. When he opened his eyes he was facing her, still in the exact same spot she had been, unable to be distracted or tempted by the others. "Or should we take a little break?"*

*Oh, did he ever want more.*

*He was still shaking, though, and he didn't think he could get up if he tried, much less get another, more important part of himself up.*

*"A break," he said.*

*"Good man." Meg unfolded herself from where she sat, stepping onto the mattress briefly to run her fingers through Zag's hair. "Let me get you some water. Than, give me a hand, you know where everything is."*



*He made a vague noise of agreement and watched her feet disappear. Achilles sat up behind him, still close enough that he had an arm around Zagreus, fingers resting against his chest as Zag closed his eyes for just a moment and tried to catch his breath. "Pat, do you need—?"*

*"No, I'm quite alright." The mattress dipped again, and Patroclus came to sit next to Zagreus. "I'll wait to come once I'm inside him." When Zagreus opened his eyes, Patroclus was smiling down at him, and he reached to straighten some of the leaves of Zag's laurel that had been smashed when Achilles pushed his head into the mattress. "I suppose this is against the rules," he said, but did not remove his hand.*

*"Not when we're taking a break," Meg said. "Achilles, help him turn over."*

*Despite not being hers to command, Achilles obeyed her easily. He nudged at Zagreus' shoulder until he was laying on his back, and Patroclus obligingly moved into place so that Zagreus could lay his head on his lap. Thanatos came to sit with them as well, next to Pat, and he smiled a little shyly at Zagreus before leaning into Patroclus' side.*

*Meg got him cleaned off with a comfortable touch, firm enough that it didn't tickle, quick enough that it wasn't sensual. Thanatos traced his fingers down the veins in Zagreus' arm while she did it, and Zagreus knew he was feeling his pulse. Achilles remained at his side, an ever-calming presence—one of Zagreus' laurel leaves was stuck in his hair, and he either did not notice it or made no attempt to remove it.*

*Patroclus helped him into a sitting position so he could take a drink of the cup of water Meg had brought for him, and once he was sure his voice wouldn't creak embarrassingly, he turned to Than with a self-satisfied grin on his face.*

*"So, you sure liked that."*

*That was all it took for Than's face to glow gold, and he jerked away from Patroclus' side. Pat didn't seem to take any offense, just squeezed Thanatos' shoulder. "Now somebody else finally understands how it is to watch you and Achilles together," he said.*

*"You do have a fondness for just watching us go at it," Zagreus agreed. He had to gently nudge Achilles out of the way so that he could stretch without whacking him in the face. He made a soft, pleased noise as his spine popped and Patroclus' sweet expression turned hungry. Pat had gotten Thanatos off but had no such relief himself, and while he was a patient man, Zagreus did not want to keep him waiting.*

*He let his head loll back into Patroclus' lap anyway, looking up at Pat with his best doe-eyed sweetness, shifting his hips so Patroclus got a really nice view of him. "Do you need something, stranger?" Patroclus asked, demonstrating his remarkable ability to address Zagreus as 'stranger' even in the most intimate of settings.*

*"Just thought you might see something you like."*

*Meg's fingernails scraped over his hip, drawing his attention and making him shiver all at once. "I'm sure he does. But unfortunately for him, it's not his turn."*

*"Oh?" Zagreus looked at her curiously. "I sort of thought you'd finish everything up, to be honest."*

*"I did suggest that," she said, "but Patroclus here wanted to have you after everybody else had finished with you, once you were all fucked-out."*

*"That's dirty, sir." He needn't mention that it was also hot, Patroclus could doubtless hear the implication in his voice.*

*"I can be a dirty man, Zagreus." Yeah, Patroclus got it. "But I'll show you that after you let Megaera take care of you."*

*He shifted as if to let Zagreus off his lap, but Meg held up a hand and he remained in place. Apparently Patroclus was also not above bending to her demands. "Stay with him for a moment, I have to get a few more things ready," she said, and then, "Zagreus. Pick a number, five through ten."*

*This was a game they often played, which allowed Zagreus to effectively randomize what toy Meg used on him. They were always ordered differently*

*in her mind, which meant that even if he picked the same number twice in a row, he wouldn't get the same thing. He'd found that out when 'four' had not been the flogger he'd been expecting, and he'd had to succinctly tell her that no, he did not want that inside him by way of his safeword.*

*The range of numbers she gave him was unusual—it was rare that she'd give him so few choices, given what she had in store, and why not one-to-five, anyway?*

*"Seven."*

*"Right in the middle, hm? Alright, seven inches it is, then."*

*"Inches?" He shot up, craning around to get a good look at her picking out what she was going to use on him. She already had her strap in hand, like she'd had everything ready and waiting for him to choose. "Damn, should've gone bigger."*

*"I can take care of that for you after," Patroclus said, leaning in so that his breath made all the hair on the back of Zagreus' neck stand up.*

*"I'm sure you can," Meg said, "but now, it's time for you boys to get out of my way."*

*The boys got out of her way.*

*Meg told Zagreus to face away from them, to look only at her, which was no hardship. He was still seated on the bed and she stood over him, her wing extended to its full span just to make her look more intimidating.*

*"Help me undress," she told him, "and be quick about it. I've already waited while two of them had you, and Thanatos took an irritatingly long time to get started."*

*Zagreus could hear a scoff from behind him, but Thanatos did not voice further opinions.*

*Meg was, like all of them, stripped of most of her adornments, down to her black bandeau top and blue leggings. Zagreus stood to help her remove the*

top (there was no way she would bend to his level) but got back on his knees to pull her leggings down, which she seemed to appreciate. She took her hair down from its ponytail, letting it fall to her waist, and dropped both her ponytail-holder and her strap onto the mattress, setting her hands on her hips.

"We won't need that for a bit," she said. "Take care of me, first. From right where you're at, that'll work."

He set one hand on her thigh, gripping powerful muscle as he leaned in. She usually liked it when he worked her over with his fingers first, applying his mouth later. His fingertips skated over her hip, and she gave him an arch look which clearly read get on with it.

He probably shouldn't have been surprised when he got his fingers between her legs, but he still drew in a shocked breath. "You're already so wet." He ran his fingers down her cunt and then back up, getting some of that slickness over her clit. The more he touched her, the more he could smell her, and the more he wanted to taste.

"I just watched you get fucked twice over, Zagreus. If you don't think that does something to me, you really haven't caught on." She hissed through her teeth as he rolled his fingers over her clit again. "Unlike these boys, I have no qualms about making you get me off before I do anything to you."

It was as much a way to make him comfortable as it was a way to please her—it would give Zagreus some more time to rest before he was fucked again.

"Quit grinning at me and put your mouth to better use, little man."

"Yes, Meg."

He breathed deep before finally getting his mouth on her, flattening out his tongue and licking along the full length of her cunt a few times before focusing his attention on her clit. It was difficult, in this position, to get his mouth anywhere else, considering the angle his neck would have to be at. It did help that she was significantly taller than him, though.

*When he hummed against her clit, she grabbed his head, her fingernails scraping over his scalp as she gripped his hair just enough to hurt a little. That's how he knew he was doing well—when she really got close, she'd use that grip to force his head into place while she rode his face.*

*Gods, he wanted to get her there.*

*He paused for a moment with his fingers against her cunt, sliding through even more slickness, only pushing in when she said, "yes," her voice so breathy Zagreus would have been convinced he was already getting her off if not for the looseness in her grip on his hair.*

*"You really don't realize how hot this is, do you?" she asked, one of her hands sliding possessively to the back of his neck. "Everybody in here wants you, and sure, they'll all get to have you, but I'm the only one who has you on your knees for me."*

*He couldn't respond except to push his fingers deeper into her and curl them just right, doing what he knew would please her.*

*"Of course you don't realize that. You're too busy focusing on how much you like it, being passed around and used by all of us."*

*He moaned, and so did she, although she'd never admit it.*

*"You would like getting to be everybody's plaything, wouldn't you?" Alright, there it was, that firm grip on his hair, tugging him more insistently against her cunt. He obediently opened his mouth, giving her his tongue to ride to orgasm. "After all, you're always going around spreading your legs for all four of us anyway, this just speeds that up, doesn't it?"*

*He couldn't respond but he did make a general noise of agreement, showing her that yes, yes he did. He hadn't been picturing it that way yet, but gods, the idea of getting to be their toy, to be fucked and passed on and played with and treasured. He loved it.*

*He was theirs. They owned him. And Meg proved that by coming on his face, a forward jerk of her hips and a sudden rush of liquid over his tongue.*

*When she loosened her grip, he sat back, licking his lips and wiping off his chin with the back of his hand. "Gods, Meg." He swallowed again, the taste of her still in his mouth. He wondered briefly what the others were doing, but she had his full attention without doing anything more than running her fingers through the folds of her cunt, playing idly with her clit even though she'd just come. He didn't think 'oversensitive' was a state Meg was capable of being in. "Going to fuck me, now? Or do you want another?"*

*She continued to touch herself for a moment, tilting her head as if considering. "As much as I'd like to prove to our boys that you're obedient enough to give me as many orgasms as I want you to," she said, "the object of this is for us to fuck you. Give me that."*

*Zagreus passed her strap over, remaining obediently still while she used his shoulder for balance as she settled it into place. She crouched, then, joining him on the bed instead of standing over him, and considered for a moment, playing with the head of the toy she was about to fuck him with in the same way she'd been touching her clit. Like she was doing it to draw his attention.*

*"How should I take you, Zagreus?"*

*He opened his mouth, but she stopped him.*

*"Ah—no. I don't want your suggestions. I just want to watch you squirm while I consider."*

*And oh, she got that wish. Zagreus had always been aroused by his lovers' pleasure, and so he was unsurprised that eating her out had gotten him hard again.*

*He heard a low laugh from behind him—Achilles or Pat, he couldn't distinguish which—and almost looked over his shoulder, but Meg grabbed his chin, drawing him back to face her.*

*"I don't want you to look at them while I take you," she said. "You're all mine, right now."*

*"I'm yours."*

*She shifted toward the back of the bed, leaning up against some of the largest cushions. Zagreus, having become fairly certain of what she intended to do, straddled her thighs. She petted his thigh appreciatively, and set a hand on the back of his head to pull him in for a kiss.*

*He could feel in the press of her lips the inevitable transfer of her lipstick to his mouth, and it made him shiver, and kiss her deeply so that he could be more effectively stained with her. She continued down his jaw and neck, likely leaving pink marks there, too, more vivid magenta than his own red flush.*

*All Meg had to do was snap her fingers, and one of them tossed her the bottle of oil. She spilled some of it into her palm and then rubbed it over the glass phallus she currently wore, using her grip to push it down a little. The way the harness sat would rub it against her clit, pleasuring her as much as it did Zagreus.*

*"Now. Thankfully, our boys did plenty of work in preparing you," she said, leaning back, her arms resting on the pillow she reclined against, clearly demonstrating that no part of her intended to give Zagreus a hand.*

*She wanted to show off what she could do to him with her orders alone, then.*

*"Yeah," he said. "I can take it now."*

*"Good. Then do what you like, little man."*

*Her stroking the toy had done little to warm the cool glass, which was always a curious feeling inside him as he sank down onto it. Normally, he could keep himself from making that little squeal, but. Well.*

*"May I touch you?" he asked, grinding hard as he bottomed out so that the harness would rub against her more firmly.*

*"You may," she allowed, although she did laugh when Zagreus responded by immediately getting his hands on her chest. "Predictable as ever, Zagreus."*

*She wasn't particularly sensitive here but Zag liked touching the one place on her immensely toned body that had any give. Plus, this was one of the few places Zagreus was permitted to leave marks, since nobody would see them and they would not be irritated by her armor, as anything on her neck would.*

*Her hands remained right where they were at as he continued to bounce on her cock, forcing his body to keep from going boneless the way he had with Achilles. She wanted to make him work for it the way the others had not—if he wanted to come, he would be largely responsible for it, and it made him squirm in all the best ways, pleasantly tortured.*

*Meg refuses to get her hands on him but her wing, however, curved inward and was eventually close enough that Zagreus could feel the soft velvet of it against his cheek. He nuzzled against it, stroked the web between the thin bones with his fingertips. She was sensitive here, and her eyes closed, as clear a sign that Zagreus was affecting her as her fingers in his hair while he ate her out would have been. He kept passing his left hand over her wing, running his fingers over the lower edge of it.*

*The toy she was fucking him with was good, but he needed more if he was going to come, and he whined, jerking his hips to thrust himself down harder. "Meg, I need..."*

*"What is it, Zagreus?" She opened one eye like she'd been disturbed from rest and was mildly irritated with him. Her head tipped back when he traced his knuckles along the length of her wing, though.*

*"Please, could you get me off? Your hand, anything."*

*She hummed, considering. "Make me come again, and we'll see."*

*"Yes, Meg." He worked at it harder, grinding down more firmly at the end of each thrust. Rubbing against her, getting her off, was his focus—fucking himself was secondary to her pleasure. Still felt amazing, though, the*



*frictionless surface of the glass pleasant to take after he'd been made just the slightest bit raw by Achilles and Than.*

*He touched her wing while he did it, tracing the bones in it, passing his palm over the lower edge. He shifted his hand to pinch the web of it between his fingers, which was enough to force a noise out of her and get her to roll her hips up into Zag's next downward thrust.*

*He knew when she was going to come when her wing pulled out of his grasp, flattening back onto the bed beside her, her hands no longer lazily resting on the pillows but gripping it above her head instead.*

*"Stay. Right. There."*

*Zagreus froze, even though his thighs shook from stilling himself in the middle of the roll of his hips, letting her fuck into him, powerful enough that he had to brace himself with his hands on her ribcage.*

*A low, almost animalistic growl slipped between her gritted teeth as she came, arching beneath him, entirely ferocious and entirely beautiful.*

*He was given very little time to admire, though.*

*Meg only languished in the afterglow when Zagreus begged her to, and certainly was not doing that now. She had a hand around his cock—the one that she'd used to spread the oil over her toy, and she gripped his hip with her other hand, forcing him to remain seated on the toy, letting him feel the unyielding glass against his clenching muscle as she got him off in only a few strokes.*

*"Oh... oh, yes, thanks for that, Meg." He pulled up and off the toy, flopping fully against her, kissing her collarbones because he couldn't reach her mouth.*

*"You're just smearing your come all over me, you do realize that?"*

*He hadn't, but he also wasn't bothered by it, so he stayed right where he was at. "Mmmyes."*

*"Zagreus, for fuck's sake."*

*"Exactly."*

*He felt her ribcage expand as she sighed extensively. "That was truly terrible."*

*"Thanks, it's a talent of mine."*

*Given that Meg was who she was, he was not expecting one of the others to approach before she was visibly done with him.*

*Patroclus apparently had nerves of steel, though, because he knelt next to them, on Zagreus' right side, sliding a possessive hand down the length of his spine. "I believe I finally get to have you now. Trade me places, mistress?"*

*"Yes, please take him," she said, which Zag felt was totally unwarranted. Also, necessary for Patroclus to do, because any energy he may have been using to ride her had all evaporated out of him once he came and he was back to feeling completely boneless. Patroclus lifted him off of her and he clung tight to his shoulders, letting him settle into Meg's place with Zagreus on his lap. Unlike before, Patroclus had Zagreus facing away from him, allowing him to see the others.*

*His attention was first drawn by Meg because she was doing the most moving around—cleaning herself up and pausing at the mirror to re-apply her lipstick. Achilles and Thanatos were seated next to one another on one of the comfortable blankets spread out around the ledge where the indentation for the bed started, both of them looking at him, and Zagreus was surprised to see that Achilles had his head on Than's shoulder and that Thanatos did not seem bothered by this.*

*"Do you need a moment before I start?" Patroclus asked him, possibly taking his confusion as hesitation.*

*"No, you can... Achilles and Than, huh?"*

*"Ah. I suppose you would not have noticed, otherwise occupied by Megaera as you were." Patroclus started touching him, maddeningly gentle except for on the places where the others had left bruises. There, he pressed down. "We enjoyed watching the two of you."*

*"It's always a sight," Thanatos said, as if he did not expect Zagreus to hear him. He was talking to Achilles, Zagreus realized, his hand resting gently on Achilles' shoulder, as if he wasn't sure whether it should be settled there.*

*Meg sat down on Achilles' other side, not having bothered to dress, much more immediately familiar with him than Thanatos was. She set a hand on his knee to urge him to lower it, to reveal to Zagreus that he was hard again. "I thought the three of you were enjoying yourselves. It's difficult to focus on anything aside from Zagreus, though."*

*Patroclus set a hand on Zagreus' chest, pulling him back so that he could be gathered in against Patroclus' bulk. He was thankful for this, as he needed somebody to steady him. Patroclus' beard scraped against Zag's neck, already sensitive, and his eyes damn near rolled back, except that he wanted so desperately to look at the others.*

*"You can watch them," Patroclus said. "I, myself, am curious about how those two think they're going to handle Achilles. I don't need you to look at me to get you off."*

*"Hah, you're quite confident, there."*

*"Within reason." He shifted up onto his knees, his cock rubbing against the back of Zagreus' thigh while his free hand went between Zagreus' legs, feeling where he'd been split open thrice over, already. "I know how much you like my voice."*

*He shivered, reaching up to clutch at the back of Pat's head, keeping his face close. "Not as much as I like the things you say."*

*"Oh, I'm well aware." Patroclus' fingers pressed into him, not as if he was trying to arouse Zagreus again, but as if he was merely inspecting what the*

others had done to him. "Look at you. You're going to be so easy for me, aren't you, Zagreus?"

"Yes, sir, oh please—!"

Patroclus clicked his tongue as if he was admonishing Zagreus, but he sounded all too pleased when he said, "Three times already, and you're still begging for it. Don't fear, I'll give you everything you need."

Zagreus sank against him, letting Patroclus take his weight, his head tipping back onto Patroclus' shoulder and his eyes rolling shut.

He immediately opened them again, however, when he heard Meg. "You suck him off, Than, I just redid my lipstick. I'll make sure he keeps an eye on Zagreus. One of us ought to pay attention to what Patroclus is doing, sounds like it's working."

Achilles was so close to Thanatos, Zagreus swore they must have just been kissing, and he cursed himself for closing his eyes. "You don't have to, if you don't want. I'm sure Pat will take care of me, after, if I need him to."

"No, I want to," Thanatos said, dreamy-eyed and so quiet Zagreus almost did not hear him. He hadn't gotten it up again, probably would not, given that his refractory period was practically the opposite of Zag's, but he got all relaxed and sweet after he came, all his apprehensions blown away by his orgasm.

"Let me fuck you?" Patroclus asked, although Zagreus was quite distracted by the others and took a long moment to respond, nodding wordlessly. Patroclus nipped at his earlobe, making Zagreus gasp. "You ought to be glad I'm too worked up to make you beg. I'm—mm!—I'm a patient man, but you drive me past my limits. Especially when I've been watching you take damn near every possible appendage for the last hour or so."

Patroclus' cock was thick enough that the moment he entered Zagreus was normally accompanied by a stretch that was just on the pleasant side of painful, but he'd been unusually well-prepared for it today. Just as he pushed inside, Thanatos settled onto the mattress between Achilles' legs,

*and Zagreus saw Achilles mouth something at him, or perhaps say something too quietly for Zagreus to hear over Patroclus' breath in his ear.*

*He swore it was 'good lad.'*

*Zagreus couldn't see anything Thanatos was doing, but he could see Achilles' reaction, which was entirely bliss. Achilles reached out, but Meg, who knew Thanatos didn't like anybody touching his head while he did this, snatched up his hand, and may have told him something about tying him up if he didn't keep his hands to himself.*

*Zagreus did not really comprehend what she said, because he was otherwise occupied.*

*"That's right, love. Just look at you, all shaky and over-wrought, completely fucked out even though I'm nowhere near done with you," Patroclus said. He was having to put more effort into holding Zagreus up, which meant he could only fuck him in short, sharp thrusts, relying on gravity and using whatever energy he had left to push back onto Patroclus' cock. "It's alright, I've got you."*

*Zagreus was still watching Achilles, who now had his hands obediently at his sides. Meg had a hand in his hair, keeping him in place looking at Zagreus.*

*"If not for the rules, I'm sure he'd be on you right now," Patroclus said. "But your lovers will take care of him. And I'll take care of you."*

*He pulled out and Zagreus whined, because this was very much not taking care of him, and he'd just started getting hard again. "Pat, please..."*

*"Hush, my prince. Like this, come here." Patroclus urged him onto his back, lifted his hips so he could get one of the pillows beneath him. Probably a good idea, considering what a state he was in. He couldn't keep from shaking, even as Patroclus ever-so-gently settled himself between Zagreus' legs.*

*"I'm... it's almost too much."*

*“Is it? I could fuck you here instead,” Patroclus said, running his hands up and down Zag’s inner thighs. “You must be feeling a bit raw here.” His fingertips, when they traced his rim, were wet with more oil, replenishing where it had worn thin. “Would you like that?”*

*Zagreus shook his head. “No, sir. Get back in, please, I need—!”*

*And of course, Patroclus had known this would be his answer. He pushed back inside just as Zagreus started to beg, filling him where he’d started to feel that unsettling emptiness. He didn’t pull back out, didn’t start to fuck Zagreus, just remained right where he was at while his fingertips played over Zagreus’ trembling body, his chest, his stomach, his cock.*

*”Does he get you like this sometimes, too?” Meg was talking to Achilles but it sounded distant even though they weren’t far away.*

*“Of course I do.” Patroclus replied, his thumb running back and forth across Zagreus’ lower lip, which was swollen from kissing them all and smeared with Meg’s lipstick still. “I think you and I share an interest in turning powerful men into absolute messes and watching them beg to be fucked.”*

*Zagreus didn’t have the words to beg, but his choked gasp sounded enough like a plea that Patroclus pulled out slowly, and ground back in. Gods, he was so much thicker than Meg’s toy.*

*“That’s it.” Patroclus had a hand on Zagreus’ cock again, not stroking him, just holding it and rubbing his thumb against the tip. Even that was enough to make his sinuses burn and his eyes prickle with tears. It was as if every sensation they’d given him today had all piled upon him at once, and his body could not hold it all. Something had to spill out. “You’re so good for us. That’s why we did this, you know that, right? Because you always make us feel so good, and we want you to feel it, too. Perhaps a bit more at once, though.”*

*He could feel a line of coolness on his overheated face as tears tracked down his cheeks. It was so much. It was not enough. He swallowed—his*

mouth was suddenly dry—and shifted underneath Patroclus just a little, wiggling his hips and tightening his thighs around Pat's waist.

*"Fuck—aah—fuck me."*

*Patroclus' hands settled on his waist, squeezed right at the thinnest part. "I love when you're like this." It was a rough whisper, meant only for him. "You really do take cock like a prince, lying there and letting me do all the work. And you deserve to."*

*"Pat..."*

*"You deserve honor," his gentleness gave way and he pushed into Zagreus in one hand thrust that emptied his lungs of any air he'd managed to breath, "worship. Adoration. Everything we can give to you."*

*He was crying in earnest now, from equal parts joy and overstimulation. He didn't try to hide his face, just let the tears come. He didn't think he could have moved his hands if he tried.*

*"That's it, love. I have you."*

*His fourth orgasm felt more like a suffusing heat than anything, his muscles too tired to clench tight as he came. He didn't even think his cock spilled anything, but Patroclus knew he'd finished and was not moving again, gently massaging Zagreus' shaking thighs instead.*

*Thanatos must have finished with Achilles or else convinced Meg to get involved again, because when Zag forced his bleary eyes open, Than was all he saw. He settled blessedly cool hands on Zagreus' cheeks, thumbs stroking beneath his eyes, soothing away the swelling from his tears.*

*"Blood and darkness, we've put you in a state," he muttered.*

*Zagreus still wasn't capable of words, but he did nudge Patroclus with his heel, who took this as a sign to pull out.*

*It was nothing of the sort.*

*“No, dammit, just... keep going.” He exhaled the words more than spoke them.*

*“You’re sure?” Patroclus asked.*

*“You... you wanted to finish in me. Right?”*

*“It’s not necessary if it’s too much.”*

*Zagreus shook his head, closed his eyes again, and leaned into Thanatos’ touch. “Do it, I want you.”*

*He still did not fuck Zagreus hard, keeping a measured pace that was only incrementally faster than how he’d been fucking Zagreus prior. “It won’t take long,” he said. “How could anybody keep from coming with you like this, so pliant and open for me.”*

*Even with his eyes closed, Zagreus was aware of the others nearby, Meg quietly checking in with Than and Achilles’ familiar footsteps as he made his way to Patroclus.*

*“Gods, Zagreus, you’re perfect.” Patroclus groaned but it was muffled; Zagreus was sure Achilles was kissing him.*

*Zagreus didn’t exactly register the moment when Patroclus came, but it must have happened, because he pulled out, the perceived suddenness of it making Zagreus shiver and reach for Thanatos’ hand. For a moment, all of them simply breathed, taking in the glorious mess they had made of Zagreus.*

*“Are you alright, darling?” Thanatos asked, as Zagreus pressed Than’s hand to his cheek again.*

*“Yes. More than. Very good, in fact.” He shifted, curling onto his side. “Although, probably about to be very sticky.”*

*“Don’t worry, we’ll get you cleaned up. Not that you’ve ever really cared about that,” Meg said.*



*He did not, but the cool sensation of a washcloth against his overheated skin was almost as pleasant as Than's hands. Once he was no longer covered in sweat, come, spit, Meg's lipstick, and a possibly excessive amount of oil, he stretched luxuriantly before settling into the mattress. He gratefully accepted the glass of nectar Achilles handed him and the kiss Achilles pressed to his brow, and decided to bully Thanatos into cuddling with him before he poofed away to do more work.*

*"How do you feel?" Patroclus asked him, settling against Zagreus' other side.*

*"None of you may ever tell Hypnos this," Zagreus said, "but I think I need a nap."*

*"Rest, then," Achilles said, draping himself over Patroclus. "We'll take care of you."*

*Zagreus stifled a yawn. "The lot of you have taken care of me four times already, but if you'd like to, I won't say no. After some rest, that is."*

*Meg made a noise like she would have hit him if he wasn't so delicate at the moment. "Blood and darkness, how are you still horny."*

**Author's Note:**

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